THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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FATAL EFFECTS OF *REVENGE AND CRUELTY.*

(Concluded.)

THEY were now come to the place, and the servants throwing down the unhappy, though mistaken victim of their fury, whose mouth they had already stopped with a handkerchief, to prevent her outcries, Kintair walked up to her, and, in an exulting tone, exclaimed, "We were prevented, lady, this morning, but here is now a favour, that you shall own strikes you to the heart." With these words, he plunged his sword into her bosom, and ended her life without discovering his mistake. As soon as he had given the fatal blow, the murderer seated himself on her body, yet struggling in the agonies of death, addressed himself to his attendants.

"Now, my friends," said he, "hear the utmost of my intentions: alarm you the neighbouring villages with cries of murder; these other bodies are yet warm, and they shall be made to believe all fell together. I will join in the crowd that first comes, and do you Farquharson, (pointing to one of his ruffians) mount the swiftest horse, and as you see us approach, ride with your utmost speed towards the castle of the Seatons, then round the heath, and join us, and you shall be rejoiced at what my revenge shall make of this.'

Immediately all separated to the work; and the afflicted lady Margaret took that opportunity to get back to her cottage. She was scarce there, when the whole country was raised; the bloody Kintair joined the mob, and Farquharson, when they came in sight, fled, as he was ordered, before them. Kintair pursued him, with a number of the clowns, and when he was got from them, that monster of villainy returned, and assured his followers that it was lord Seaton who had fled before them. The clowns agreed, to a man, that it was so; and, on viewing the bodies of the murdered persons, the abandoned Kintair persuaded them that this Seaton had debauched his sister, and, with the assistance of his other servants, had murdered her and all that were there present. He made a long declama-

tion on the horror of the crime, and urged them all to follow him immediately to the next town, and relate before the Magistracy what they had seen. Prompted by his persuasions, and promises of favour, they one and all consented, and immediately, though in the night, set forward. All the way as they went on, the villainous attendants of Kintair exalted the generosity, the goodness, and the love of justice of their master; and partly by these praises, and partly by promised rewards to all who should be able to give material evidence against the murderers, the clowns were induced to form a thousand circumstances, all positive, against the pretended culprits. When they arrived at the town, it happened that the magistracy was sitting. Overjoyed with this circumstance, they went in a body to the hall, and demanding an immediate audience, were admitted. The arch-devil, Kintair, entering at their head, recounted the story he had concerted, and swore to the identity of the person he accused. His servants all followed his example; and the clowns, corroborating every circumstance, the absent Seaton, with six of his attendants, were accused of this horrid murder, on the positive oaths of more than thirty persons.

The innocent lord Seaton knew nothing of any part of this fatal tragedy, but was returning to his castle, with some of his servants, from a short journey he had taken to meet his sisters, when he was seized by the officers of justice sent to apprehend him. Every circumstance is construed into meaning, by people possessed of an opinion. And accordingly, this unhappy lord, being now found returning with a number of his servants, from that part of the country where the murder had been committed, was looked on as proof of astonishment, and the horror, with which he received the news of his beloved sister, and his servants, were construed into downright confessions.

The mistake of the two sisters was never found out; and the positive oaths of all the accusers, that it was lady Margaret who was murdered, made it not at all doubted. That unfortunate lady was glad of the mistake, wishing, since the rape, for nothing but to be unknown to the whole world, and looking on this as the most secure of all the means of being so, would never, had she not afterwards felt the necessity that compelled her to it, have declared her's to the world.

A short journey brought the accused lord before the magistracy. He entered the room before they expected him; and immediately, on his appearance, all the accusers renewed their oaths that he, and his attendants now with him, were the very persons who had committed the murders. This done, the vile Kintair made a long harrangue to the court, aggravating, in the

strongest terms, the horror of the crime, and adding a thousand reproaches. At length the accused lord advanced towards the judges with a settled countenance, and looking with disdain on his accuser, and on his judges with that modest, but intrepid confidence, which conscious innocence ever displays, spoke to the following purport:

"*My Lords and Judges,*

"View with an impartial eye, the conduct of my past life, and you will determine I cannot but be innocent of the horrid crimes of which I am accused; and that I am so, be it sufficient that I now once, in the most solemn manner, affirm it before you. Consider that my accuser is the professed enemy of my house and family, and that these, my supposed accomplices, are the friends, the fathers, and the brothers, of my murdered, honest servants. Is it probable that they could, for my sake, be induced to murder these: and that I, who have been known to love my sister Margaret with more than common affection, could imbrue my hands in her blood? Impossible! Think on these circumstances, and weigh them well, ere you determine. Be not rash or hasty; you know not what may hereafter appear, which yet, is not suspected."

Here the accused ended his defence, which was soon overpowered by the number and repeated oaths of the evidences, particularly of Kintair, who declared, that he saw Seaton plunge his dagger into the breast of the lady Margaret, and the rest butcher her attendants.

The supreme judge was now rising from his seat, to pronounce sentence on the delinquents, when a voice was heard, crying with the utmost earnestness, "Forbear, forbear, oh, judge! Guard well the doors, that none escape."

And in the instant, a woman threw herself at the feet of the judges, crying out, "I am that Margaret, whom this innocent, this best of brothers, is accused of murdering. Look well whose these are." With these words, she threw down the daggers.

The court all rose in a moment, astonished at her appearance; the brother threw himself on her neck, in a transport of joy; and the court, examining the daggers, and finding on each the name of the owner, demanded the true history of the fact, which she accordingly related in the most pathetic terms. The unhappy Margaret, when she had heard the sentence, intended for her brother, and his servants, passed on his accusers, retired into a nunnery, and left the innocent, though afflicted Seaton, in the possession, not only of his own estate and titles, but those of his vile accuser, which were forfeited, and which his descendants, the Seatons of Scotland, are said to enjoy to this day.

From the Emerald.

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MR. EDITOR,

BALLSTOWN Springs, it is currently reported, will be thronged this season with all the gentry of the New England, middle, and southern states. The effects of the embargo by cramping business, promotes pleasure ; the northern cit is making his escape from the effluvia of the salt fish, rotting on his hands, the flour merchant from the consequences of governmental interdictions, and the southern noble from the overwhelming disasters attending his unsold crops. In short, they all flock to Ballstown, in the hope of killing thought and killing time ; and in the certainty of spending, pretty liberally, the remains of their estates. The manners of our American nobility are abundantly displayed at Ballstown, not being interrupted in their exercise by the calls of business, nor curbed by the considerations of interest (for spending money is the certain criterion of riches) and only liable to the occasional invasion of low wit, grovelling opinions, and horse-play raillery. Ballstown is no longer the resort of the decrepid, or the invalid, for the benefit of the waters ; but of the healthy to be made sick, the fashionable girls to be made wives, and low-bred merchants and mechanics to be made gentlemen.

Those northern ladies, who can obtain the consent of their husbands to visit the Springs, as they are called, spend a great part of their time in preparing their various dresses, and cultivating their gentility in the confident hope, that they shall excel all the other visitors at this fashionable resort. Determined to make as handsome an appearance as possible, they hire a *Hackney* coach in *Boston*, with four horses, and away for Ballstown they dash, through thick and thin. But when arrived, they discover others to be as emulous as they, and soon find themselves obscured by the pageantry of southern splendour, and involved in a crowd of impertinent fashionables, by whose gairish manners, and tittering conversation, they are completely outstripped in the race of fashionable notoriety.

This village has of late become so noted for company, that some description of it, and the manners and customs of the people who resort to it, may not be devoid of amusement to your readers. I set out with the intention of being a censurer, because I have neither found pleasure, nor derived improvement from a visit which I have made there. The first appearance which the village of Ballstown exhibits, is wholly disagreeable ; being situate in a valley between two sand mounds, fringed here and there with pine trees. Just at the back of the settlement, is a small run of turbid water, which winds its course through a marsh, and is remarka-

ble only for being the receptacle for frogs, and for a rude bridge, which is cast over it, for no other purpose than to be dangerous to travellers. The atmosphere is always damp and unhealthy, and on the whole the village possesses no single quality to recommend it as a place of fashionable resort. Here a crowded tavern gave me the first practical idea of Bob Handy's "incommodiousness of accommodation;" for the Sans Souci Tavern, so called from the ceremonious reserve of the place, is so completely stuffed with rooms and beds, that you cannot sleep in comfort, has so much company, that you cannot satisfy your appetite, and has so much formality, that you cannot enjoy society.

Ballstown, thus unpleasant from its situation, has less claim to praise for elegance of manners, or the common civility of social intercourse. I speak from my own experience, and affirm that the *beau monde* of America, are the most illiterate and mock polite, of any people in the country. At home, at their fire-sides, they are hospitable, kind, and affectionate; but when they travel, and set up for manners, their low breeding is sure to "peep through the loop-holes of retreat." At Ballstown, a starch formality and distance, pervaded all their actions, except during their meals, and then, to be sure, as the world is ever in extremes, they were as rude and indelicate, as at other times they were ceremonious and unsocial. At their meals, their latent voracity, which the emptiness of the table was apt enough to keep alive, produced a most wonderful change in the ceremony of their deportment, but they had consolation in the reflection, that however greedy they appeared, and however many the squabbles that were produced to gain the wing of a fowl, or a cup of milk, every one did the same thing; therefore they dashed on without much fear of discovery, or animadversion. When the dinner bell rang out, at the great house, woe be to him who did not spring at the first sound! he would assuredly lose his dinner; for nearly two hundred people, with appetites whetted, their ceremony laid aside, rushed into the dinner-room at every door, peli mell, like a horde of Tartars, overturning in their progress to a good seat, chairs, servants, dishes, in short, every thing that was, and every thing that was not an impediment to their velocity. Nothing stood before their voracious appetites, excepting the table-cloth: they dispatched every thing that laid before them, in the twinkling of an eye, never leaving a solitary goose, chicken, or smaller bird, to relate the fate of its companions, "all, all the storm devoured." Fish, flesh, and fowl, were only seen to be greedily seized, at the utmost hazard of your fingers, if placed too near, from the knives and forks of your neighbours; and only seized, to be as rapidly demolished.

There was none of the courtesy of offering, "Madam, allow me to help you to a piece of this bird," for while yet speaking, the bird itself would be soused plump into your next neighbour's plate. No, no, every one for himself, "hardest fend off," so that a turkey would be broken in pieces almost at a moment.

"Lo, with a wing one fellow fled,
This with a leg, and that the head,
Off with the tail a matron goes,
Another seizes it, and gets the toes.

And this, said I, is the *fashion* of America, collected from all quarters of the continent. Well done, delicacy and refinement.

Here, every day is like the preceding in the round of time; and the description of the amusements of one day, will suffice for that of the whole season. It may be premised here, that there is a constant succession of new faces appearing at the place, so that the company are often perfect strangers to each other; and from the specimen exhibited to me, I exclaimed with the man in the play, "I desire hereafter we may be *better strangers*." As they arrive not only from opposite directions of this country, but foreigners from France, Italy, Russia, England, and Spain, are also frequent visitors; their customs, opinions, and manners, appear entirely dissimilar and repugnant, being of all hues, grades, and appearances. Having no common bond of union but the table, they have no other intercourse than a distant courtesy, a formal bow, or a ceremonious "good morning, sir," and "I hope I see you well, ma'am: a fine morning this, only a *little* foggy—can see three feet a-head of me." How many tumblers to-day, ma'am? "Only ten, sir, but I expect to make up two dozen before breakfast." They have no person who by common consent, is made master of ceremonies; but the company, composed of discordant materials, are still flying off, from the common center of civility and refinement, into distant haughtiness and unbending reserve. The consequence is a life of *tonish*—but automa-*tonish* indifference and tediousness.

I used to rise in the morning at about six o'clock; and as there were now three hours and a half to kill before breakfast, I used to saunter to the principal spring, to which some ladies, as listless and restless as myself, commonly resorted at the same time. The water of this spring appears in continual fermentation, and is constantly rising in large globules to the surface, the bursting of which, moves the whole body of the spring, very much like the eddies of a brook, only one is a current, and the other is confined—a marble platform, about twenty feet square, round which is an ornamental iron railing, with a gate on every side, through which you pass to the fountain in the center, makes a

very pleasing appearance. The great proportion of chaly beate, contained in this water, has discoloured the marble, and given it a rusty appearance, and in the course of a few years, it will not probably retain any part of its original whiteness.

(To be Concluded next week.)

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

MORE MISERIES.

YOUR bad memory faintly flashing conviction upon your mind, that you have twice repeated one of your own jokes to the same person, at no great distance of time.

A family in the country, much addicted to scandal, spending a *long day* with you.

In the absence of your servant, lighting your candle with a match, and unthinkingly holding your head over, and inhaling the burning brimstone.

Shivering with cold in a coach, the windows being kept down in consequence of two fat women, who occupy the extremities of one seat, being faint, and disposed to be sick.

The sensation of a school-girl, whilst she is *comfortably* picking a merry-thought with her teeth, being angrily told by her mother, before a party, to hold her head up.

Being sick at sea, and upon looking out of your wretched birth, seeing two or three passengers eating fat ham with a relish.

Making sweet eyes to a lady, without being able to procure one interesting glance from her all the evening.

Waking from a sweet nap after supper, having two stories to ascend to your bed-room, and a pair of new boots, and a tight pair of pantaloons to take off.

A physician of delicate organs, called out of bed, to a rich, liberal, and irritable patient, stopped half an hour in a narrow street, by a night-cart.

Having worn your great coat, and carried a large umbrella for six days, in consequence of the heavy appearance of the weather, without having any rain, going out without either, on the seventh, the morning being remarkably fine and getting wet through.

Angling for the day, in a punt, with a companion who catches a fish every three minutes, without having *one bite* yourself.

In a cold night putting your feet into a pan of hot water, and drawing them instantly out upon finding it scalding—then as suddenly pouring in such a quantity of cold wa-

ter, as to neutralize the whole process—all the servants gone to bed.

Making your thumb and fingers sore with pulling up the heel of a new pair of tight shoes.

At billiards, missing the cue, when you had the game in your hands.

The miseries of a very large lady, upon being told that she has got very fat, after she had supposed herself much reduced in size, in consequence of having *screwed* herself into a pair of Mrs. B——'s stays.

Going into church when the service is half-over, and being unable to open the pew door.

Endeavouring to laugh with your companions at an accident which still gives you excruciating pain.

Pointing out at a dance to your beautiful partner, the ludicrous vulgarity of a man, whom she blushingly informs you, is her brother.

Springing up in a pew in the midst of the Litany, in a fit of the cramp.

AN ESTIMATE OF POVERTY.

By Isaac Barrow, D. D.

AM I poor? This condition, rightly weighed, is not so very bad. For, what is poverty?—What but the absence of a few unnecessary things, which please wanton fancy, rather than answer real need—without which nature is easily satisfied; and which, if we do not desire, we cannot want? What is it but to wear coarse clothes—to feed on plain and simple food—to work and take pains—to sit or to go in a lower place—to have no heaps of cash, or hoards of gain—to keep no retinue—to have few friends, and no flatterers? It is a state which has divers advantages, and many conveniences and comforts connected with it. Its happy fruits and consequences, free us from many cares and distractions, from many troubles and crosses—many incumbrances, temptations, langors, and distempers of body. It frees us from many grievous mischiefs to which wealth is exposed. It maintains health, industry, and sobriety. It preserves from luxury, satiety, sloth, and unwieldiness. It disposes us to feed heartily, move nimbly, and sleep sweetly. It leads to dispositions of mind, freedom, and leisure to attend to the study of truth, and acquisition of virtue. It is a state which many have borne with great cheerfulness; and many very wise, and eminently good men have voluntarily embraced. It is allowed by divine wisdom to most men, the best often endure it. God has declared a special regard to persons in this state, Psalm x. verse 14. xxxv. 10. xviii. 10. lix. 33. lxxii. 4. 13. cxl. 12. cxlvi. 7. Isaiah lvii. 15. lxvi. 2. James ii. 5. The word of truth has pronounced them hap-

py, in having the gospel preached to them. Jesus Christ hath sanctified this state, by partaking deeply of it; and by choosing the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom. Can such a condition, then, be very loathsome? Can it reasonably displease us? Ought we to murmur at it? Should we not, from the above considerations, rather be thankful for it, than complain?

Avarice justly Punished.

Mons. Foscue, one of the Farmers general, of the province of Languedoc, in France, who had amassed a considerable wealth, by grinding the faces of the poor within his province, and every other means, however low, base, or cruel, by which he rendered himself universally hated, was one day ordered by the governor to raise a considerable sum; upon which, as an excuse for not complying with the demand, he pleaded extreme poverty; but fearing lest some of the inhabitants of Languedoc should give information to the contrary, and his house should be searched, he resolved on hiding his treasure in such a manner, as to escape the most strict examination. For that purpose he dug a kind of cave in his wine cellar, which he made so large and deep, that he he used to go down to it with a ladder; at the entrance, was a door with a spring lock on it, which, on shutting, would fasten itself, All at once, Mons. Foscue was missing; diligent search was made after him in every place; the ponds were drained, and every method which human imagination could suggest, was taken to find him, but all in vain.

In a short time after, his house was sold, and the purchaser, beginning either to rebuild it, or make some alteration in it, the workmen discovered a door in the cellar, with a key in the lock, which he ordered to be opened, and on going down, they found Mon. Foscue lying dead on the ground, with a candlestick near him, but no candle it; and on searching further, they found the vast wealth which he had amassed. It is supposed that when he went into his cave, the door by some accident shut after him; and being out of the call of any person, he perished for the want of food. He had gnawed the flesh of both his arms, as is supposed for subsistence. Thus did this miser die in the midst of his treasure, to the scandal of himself, and to the prejudice of the whole state.

REAL HISTORY OF A SHEEP,

In a lettter from

A Marine officer, to a Lady in Dublin.

"I HAVE a pet sheep, which is now nearly four years old. I reared it from a lamb, on board my late ship, the Arab. Her history is as follows:—She was yeaned in the North Highlands—embarked when about a month old, in the

Arab—and visited Iceland, Greenland, and Norway.—Here she was sent on shore to graze; and the next day, seeing our boat row past the place where she was feeding, she leaped into the water, and swam to the boat! This circumstance protected her ever after from the butcher, and her life has been one scene of gratitude. She was in fourteen different actions with the enemy's flotilla and batteries at Boulogne, in the last of which, she lost part of one of her horns.

"This interesting animal has travelled the whole western extent of Africa, across the equator to the Brazils, and all along the Guinea coast of South America, to the West Indies—from thence to Ireland, and now home. She is so tame that she feeds from the hand like a dog, and follows her protector rather than her own species, and will dance for a cabbage leaf. She prefers a house and a fire, to the stable. I have known her to subsist six months without touching corn, hay, or grass, living with the men, on pudding and grog, eating the bark of broomsticks, and fire wood, and nibbling ropes and canvass. The paring of a potatoe or apple, was her greatest luxury. The docility of the animal is highly amusing. I am very anxious for its welfare, long acquaintance having attached me to its interests, and like all sea-faring men, partiality forms one of my principle foibles. If, therefore, madam, you can take in my fleecy friend, you will confer happiness on her, and an additional favour on madam, yours, &c.

"T. M. Lieut. R. M."

LINES,

On the death of Mrs. Warren, Formerly Mrs. Merry, of the London Theatre.

Shall Belvidera's voice no more
Lend to the Muse its peerless aid,
That erst on Albion's ingrate shore,
Sooth'd Otway's discontented shade?

She—to no single soil confin'd,
Sought in our climes extended fame;
The wreaths of either world entwin'd,
And taught both continents her name.

Nor, of those strains that crowds have hail'd,
Small is the praise, nor light the gain,
Clio can boast, such sounds prevail'd,
When Faith and Freedom pray'd in vain.

Such notes the Mantuan minstrel owns,
Long lur'd his Trojan from the main;
And bleeding Arria in such tones,
Assur'd her Lord she 'felt not pain.'

Such notes, in Rome's delirious days,
Could Liberty and Laws restore:
Could bid "be still" sedition's waves,
And faction's whirlwind cease to roar.

'Twas by such suasive sounds inspir'd
The matron's press'd the hostile field;
The Volscian hosts, amaz'd, retir'd;
The proud Patrician learn'd to yield.

Such powers, oh had Calphurnia known,
Great Julius, all unharm'd had stood,
No senate-walls beheld his doom,
Nor pompey's marble drank his blood!

For thee—though born to happier times,
And gentler tasks than these endur'd,
Thy voice might oft prevent those crimes,
Which e'en thy voice could scarce have cur'd.

Although no civic aim was there,
Yet not in vain that voice was given,
Which often as it bless'd the air,
Inform'd us what was heard in heaven!

Sure, when renew'd thy powers shall rise,
To hymn before th' empyreal throne,
Angels shall start in wild surprise,
To hear a note so like their own!

[*Emerald.*

The most effectual methods of raising an opinion of ourselves, without being troublesome to others.

Let an appearance of openness and honour shine forth in our countenance, our words, our actions. An apparent good disposition attracts the minds of beholders with all the secret and irresistible influence of magnetism. The contrary appearance disgusts and alarms even those who themselves have neither honour nor ingenousness. The *volto sciolto*, the open countenance, is the most effectual recommendation, as it speaks a language understood by intuition.

Be modestly ostentatious. To think too highly of ourselves, renders us insupportable; to think too meanly, will tempt the naturally encroaching spirit of mankind to trample upon us. Let us know our rank, and boldly claim it. Let us assume the degree of confidence which our merit may justify.

Conceal your defects. Caution, says Lord Verulam, must be used to avoid those subjects, on which we are conscious of an incapacity to enlarge. If they arise, pretences must be invented to apologize for our mistakes, and to prove that they proceeded, not so much from want of judgment, as from unavoidable misapprehension. A degree of confidence, says he, must be assumed, to seem to despise what we cannot obtain.

Talk not forwardly on those arts in which you are known to excel. You are admired for your excellence, while the manner in which it was produced, and improved, is unknown; but point out the steps of your progress, and immediately the wonder ceases.

Avoid the possibility of sinking in the esteem of your company. We are never truly pleased, though perhaps diverted, with what we despise.

Never give a moment's uneasiness, either by word or deed. Take the world as you find it, and conform as far as you innocently can, with its absurdities. You may be disgusted if you please with your companions, but what will it avail? It will give yourself pain, and render you an object of hatred and revenge.

Acquire a versatility of mind,

which will enable you to accommodate your own temper and manners to those of the persons with whom you converse.

Avoid a contradicting and disputatious turn. Opposition always occasions a momentary enmity. And no man can be an agreeable companion who requires proofs and arguments for every assertion which may drop in the carelessness of easy conversation.

Be universally affable. An engaging countenance, an inviting air, a soothing voice, carry with them irresistible allurements. Many possessed of solid merit, and amiable dispositions, have been but indifferently received in the world, because they have contracted, by intense thought, or some other cause, a severity of feature.

Garrulity is *intolerable persecution*. Reserve and excessive silence are disagreeable, but far less so than immoderate talkativeness, because they suffer the indulgence of one's own thoughts; but the impertinence of the garrulous man forces attention without repaying it.

Any remarkable degree of curiosity is to be avoided. It not only gives pain to others, but defeats its own purpose; for he who finds himself solicitously questioned, suspects that there is some particular reason for enquiry, places himself on his guard, and refuses, or evades an answer to the most unimportant interrogations.

A decisive and magisterial manner is always disgusting. The very same opinion which, when proposed with becoming diffidence, is adopted; when offered with an air of insolence, meets with contempt and rejection.

It is a mistake which some men of learning have fallen into, that when they are in company, it is necessary to say something striking and remarkable. It is not so much required that they should display ingenuity on extraordinary subjects, as that they should talk on common affairs with ease, with good-humour, and without affectation. I have seen the enjoyment of an evening interrupted by some profound, yet judicious remark, which has made all the company stare, and caused an universal silence.

A good heart, and a good understanding, will learn, after a little converse with the world, to behave, if not in an attractive, yet in an inoffensive manner. They may err in matters of form; but their very errors will be amiable, because they will arise from unaffected simplicity, and will be accompanied with diffidence. But the errors of the vain, the forward, and the assuming, however they may be borne with, through pity or politeness, are always despised and hated.

Anecdote of Garrick and Foote.

To a man like Garrick, endued with the most delicate sensibility,

the company of Foote, who would say or do any thing to raise a laugh, was irksome and terrifying: "You did not know that I was behind you, Garrick, when you were repeating the soliloquy, as you walked up the Haymarket, a few days ago," said Foote, on a certain occasion: the manager lowered his brow. "Was it from Hamlet, or Macbeth?" said one of the company. "I should fancy, by the conclusion," replied Foote, "that it was from an essay on compound interest; but you shall hear it: I was stumping gently along behind him, and was going to speak, but hearing him talk to himself, I listened, and it was as follows:—Yes—yes—I *will*—I positively *will* leave off making a drudge of myself, I have already a sufficiency for every purpose of dignity, as well as comfort, and why should I be a slave to every impertinent puppy who can throw down his shilling? I positively *will* live like a gentleman. He remained in this opinion," continued Foote, "till he got to the corner of Coventry-street, where he met with the ghost of a farthing, coming out of the snuff-shop, at which he started, and it put every generous idea to flight; he sunk again into the manager, and marched on to Leicester-fields, full of pounds, shillings, and pence, and wholly absorbed in mortgages, bank notes, and three per cent. consols."

This appears trifling, and uninteresting *written*; but when told, and accompanied with the manner and gestures of the relater, the whole company were in a convulsive laughter for several minutes; Garrick, seizing his hat, left the room in chagrin. Ridicule, however, in this instance, was far from being a decisive test of truth; the little manager, though averse to profusion and superfluous expence, was, on every occasion of charitable contribution, and private benevolence, sufficiently prompt.

Women (says Roussean) have an extreme flexibillty and fluency of tongue; they talk a great deal more eaaily, and more agreeably than men. They are accused of talking more, and so they ought—that which is advanced as a reproach, I conceive to be a commendable part of their character. The mouth and eyes have with them an equal degree of activity. Men say what they think, women what they please. Knowledge is necessary to one, and taste to the other; the object of the former ought to be the useful, that of the latter the agreeable. Their discourse ought to have no forms in common, except the forms of truth.

He who laughed at you till he got to your door; flattered you as you opened it; felt the force of your argument whilst he was with you; applauded when he arose and after he went away blasts you—has the most indisputable title to an archdukedom in hell.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Enigmatical list of Physicians in this city.

1. Part of the human structure.
2. Five sixths of a man's christian name, and a hard substance, omitting a letter.
3. Three fourths of a testament—and a male child.
4. Two thirds of a beast, and a Canary wine.
5. A stinging fly, adding an a
6. An unbaked paste, dropping a letter, and a young maid.
7. The repetition of an industrious insect.
8. A man's christian name.
9. A geomatrical instrument, dropping the fourth letter.
10. A chief ruler.
11. A red fluid, and a virtue.
12. Five sixths of a man's christian name, transposing a letter, and what Abraham was blest with in his old age.
13. A congregation.
14. An affection, and a thicket—alias, to desire earnestly.
15. A title of honor.
16. A seller of goods.
17. The name of a tree.
18. Haughty, and a measure.
19. A husk.
20. A mariner.

PSALMANAZER.

A Solution is requested.

On Wednesday last, at 8 A. M the mercury in Farenheit's thermometer stood at 58 : at 2, P. M. at 68.

Report says, the new theatre in this city will be opened early in September.

Our city Inspector reports the death of 47 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Deaths in Philadelphia, during the last week—viz. adults 30 children 63—Total 93.

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening, by the rev. Dr. M'Knight, capt Joseph Hill, to Miss Hannah Pearl, daughter of Mr. David Pearl, all of this city.

On Sunday evening last, at Stamford, Connecticut, by the rev. Mr. Wheaton, Mr. John S. Winthrop, to Miss Harriet Rogers, daughter of Fitch Rogers, Esq.

At the same time, and place, Mr. Francis B. Winthrop, junr. to Miss Julia-Ann Rogers, daughter of Moses Rogers, Esq.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Milledoler Henry Remsen, Esq. to Miss Eliza Depeyster.

At Hudson, on the 23d ult. by the rev. H. Veeder, of the manor of Livingston, Mr. George Crawford, merchant of this city, to the widow Mary T. Wilson, daughter of the late Hon. Peter R. Livingston, of Hudson.

DIED,

Suddenly, on Monday afternoon, William Beekman, Esq eldst son of the late James Beekman, Esq

Lately in Germany, M. Von Kotzebue, the celebrated dramatic poet.

Printed & Published by John Clough,
No 46, Fair-street.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

LINES

On the Death of the Honourable FISHER AMES.

WHAT sounds are those that swell upon my ear,
And fill my soul with gloominess and fear?
What bell is that which tolls the funeral knell
The presage dire, to "heaven or to hell."
Will no one speak....must silence still prevail
Among the numberless who now bewail?
'I charge ye speak,' and ease my throbbing heart,
The mournful tidings quick to me impart.
A voice now utters, tremulous with grief,
In sorrowing accents, reverential, brief,
"Great AMES is dead—his spirit now has flown
To that blest country whence 'twill ne'er return."
And is he gone....the patriot, statesman, sage,
His country's pride...the glory of the age-
The deadliest foe to tyrrany and power,
Is lifeless now within a little hour.
But though his BODY lies beneath the sod,
His mighty SOUL is living with its God.

HENRY.

Solution to the Enigmatical list of streets in our last number.

1. Your feature transposed and numerical letter,
Is *Vesey* (street,) if not, why I dont know any better.

2. Princely residence, a country, and one letter more,
Is *Courtland*, I'll venture bet one to one score.

3. Next the Ant an industrious insect we find,
And Bees produce honey, so much to my mind,
Which, omitting a letter, leaves *Anthony* behind.

4. A bird called a *Robin* a male child a *son*
Gives the name of that street where learning's begun.

5. Apartment and *Chamber* synonymous terms,
Where lives a sweet girl with a full thousand charms.

6. To tear and the combat of nations combin'd
One is *War* one is *rent* give the *t* to the wind.

7. Ah fell seperation, thou dread of fond lovers,
That street called *Partition* very plainly discovers.

8. Carolina and Lebanon, that sweet smelling wood
Called *Cedar*, produces, this is well understood.

9. Light's beam a *ray*, with one half of *Murder*,
Constitutes *Murray*, there stalks the poor debtor.

10. The title of mandarin—no, no, an Algerine title,

Who says its not *Dey*, sure knows very little.

11. If you languish you *Pine*, may this be the fate
Of misers and bachelors just when its too late.

12. An animal industrious and useful also,
Is a *Beaver*—to cover the heads of the beaux.

13. O Liberty *Liberty*, cloak thee as they please,
Unrestrain'd privelege reveals thee with ease.

14. A fence, a strong fence, this must sure be a *Wall*;
This then is the last, and no doubt I've them all.

Nic Limbertongue.

August 15.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ABSENCE.

When thou, fair one, art far away,
What joy remains for me!
What beauty can my eyes survey,
That gaze no more on thee.

But let not frantic love repine,
Nor mourn the absent fair;
Whatever bounds my steps confine,
Elvira too is there.

EDWIN.

New-York, Aug. 1808.

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

Enigmatical list of some of the United States.

1. The name of a great judge, and the term for good fortune, omitting a letter

2 An interjection, half an elevation, and a cypher

3 The name of a great lord, five seventh's of the stamp on a coin, and the end, omitting two letters.

4 A woman's name—and a country.

5 Three fifth's of the division of a chapter—and four fifth's of a space of time.

6 To fasten—a vowel—and three fourths of wine, before it is fermented.

7 Three fourths of a moveable habitation—a beast of burden—and two thirds of perception.

8 A woman's name—and a mass.

9 Four sixths of a writer—five eighths of a heathen god, and three sixths of the muse of astronomy.

10 A worship—a vowel—three fourths of a fish, and four sixths of a seat, adding a letter. R. B.

A solution is requested.

Solution of the Rebus, in our last number.

L makes the fourth of what we prize,
O added next, will clearly prove,
V iew'd in the dish before us lies,
E re tasted, ah! it must be LOVE.

Eros.

The other.

To *chin*, round or flat, add but an A,
And the empire vast, must surely be
CHINA. *Clio.*

THIS Miscellany is published in half-yearly volumes, at one dollar each vol.

TERMS.

To city residents who subscribe for one year, one dollar in advance—and the remainder at the close of the term.

Persons who reside out of the city, to pay in advance for the volume, or volumes, for which they subscribe.

Letters, *post paid*, enclosing the amt. will be strictly attended to.